

Plays and the Puritans.

The following is taken from one of the spirited essays of the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. The Philadelphia Bulletin, in alluding to the paper from which the extract is made, observes: "Certainly the Puritans were right in condemning a stage legend beyond parallel, and certainly Mr. Kingsley is profound and true, as well as eloquent, when he thus defends the Puritans."

"THE PURITANS. There was no poetry in the Puritans because they were no poets? We do not mean now the unwritten tragedy of the but, the psalm and the charge; but simply the poetry of the quiet home, the life of the heart and the soul. Take the most common-place of them. Was Zeal-of-Truth Thorsby, of Thorsby Rise in Deeping Fen, because his father had thought fit to give him an ugly and silly name, the less of a noble lad? Did his name prevent him being six feet high? Were his shoulders the less broad for it, his cheek the less ruddy for it? He wore his hair, and the same length that every one now wears theirs, instead of letting it hang half a waist in essence and curls; but was he the less a true Viking's son, bold-hearted as his sea-roving ancestors, who won the Danegeld by Canute's side, and settled there on Thorsby Rise to grow wheat and breed horses, generation succeeding generation in the old narrow groove? He carried a Bible in his pocket, but that did not prevent him, as Oliver rode past with an approving smile on Nasby field, thinking himself a very handsome fellow, with his moustache and imperial, and bright red coat, and entranced with the sight of a young man, as he sat his father's great black horse as gracefully and firmly as any long-legged and esenced cavalier in front of him, or did it prevent him thinking, too, for a moment, with a throb of his heart, that sweet cousin, Patience, with her array at the home, and but see him, might have the same opinion of him as he had of himself? Was he the worse for the thought? He was certainly not the worse for checking it the next instant with many shame for letting such 'carnal vanities' rise in his heart while he was 'doing the Lord's work' in the teeth of death and hell; but was he any the less a true Viking's son, as the long rapid swung round his head redder and redder at every sweep? We are bedeviled by names. Call him Crusader instead of Roundhead, and he seems at once (granting him only sincerity, which he had, and that of a right awful kind) as complete a knight errant as ever whirled and prayed ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic armor, beneath storied windows richly carved, and he half kneeling in prayer, and then, as he turned, as he lay bleeding across the corpse of his gallant horse, waiting for his turn with the surgeon, and fumble for his Bible in his boot, and he tried to tune a psalm, and thought of cousin Patience and his mother; and they would hear at least that he had played the man Israel that day, and resisted unto blood, striving against sin, and the man of the hour, too, as he came weariest under Thorsbydyke, in the quiet autumn eve, home to the house of his forefathers, and saw afar off the knot of tall poplars rising off the broad misty flat, and the great abate tossing its sheets of silver in the dying gusts, and knew that they stood before his father's door. Who can tell all the pretty child memories which flitted across his brain at that sight, and made him forget that he was a wounded cripple?"

"Fair Patience, too, though she was a Puritan, yet did not her cheeks flush, her eye grow dim, like any other girl's, as she saw afar the red coat, like a sliding spark of fire, coming slowly along the straight fen bank, and fled up stairs into her chamber to pray, half that it might be half the night, and then, when she came down, she came, not flaunting with bare bosom, in tawdry, fiery and paint, but shrouded close in coif and pinner, hiding from all the world beauty which was there still, but was meant for one alone, and that only if God willed, in God's good time? And was there no fluttering of her half, in their eyes, no trembling pressure of their hands, which said more, and was more, and more beautiful in the sight of him who made them, than all Heric's Deaneams, Waller's Saccharissas, flames, darts, posies, love knots, anagrams, and the rest of the intricate craft of the court? What if Zeal-of-Truth never stronger than otherwise, that in his last hour, did not his heart go for inspiration to a loftier Helicon, when he whispered to itself, 'My love, my dove, my undivided but one,' than if he had filled pages with sonnets about Venuses and Cupids, love-sick shepherds and aerial nymphs?"

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THE "HOWARDS" OF NEW ORLEANS.—We clip the following from the Picayune of Thursday:

The unexpected duration and intensity of the epidemic, freshly fed by the hundreds of persons who have persisted in coming here, despite all warning, have placed the Howard Association in a position where little dream of assuming a short time ago—that of coming before the public as claimants for assistance. The liberal fund in their possession at the commencement of their charitable labors this season, has been so constantly and heavily drawn on, that but a few thousand dollars remain, and innumerable necessities compel them to ask for aid. No doubt it will be given them bountifully. Their card in another column explains their position fully and clearly.

On Friday following the publication of this notice, the same paper contained a list of twenty-one gentlemen and ladies, whose voluntary contributions amounted to the handsome sum of \$1,367.

"In answer to the question 'what is the weight of a million of dollars in gold?' an officer of the Philadelphia mint calculates as follows: The weight of one million of United States currency in gold is \$750,000 troy ounces. This makes 4,479 pounds, 2 ounces—or nearly two one and a quarter, reckoning 2,000 lbs. only to each ton.

"Who has not heard of Berne's Holland Bitters? Simple in its composition, pleasant to the taste, and truly wonderful in its effects, it is becoming popular everywhere. To its invigorating and refreshing properties, it is invaluable: exerting that soothing influence over the nervous system, and imparting that health and tone to the stomach, so long, and for the convalescent."—Daily Enterprise.

See advertisement. (Nov. 24.—43410-1w.)

ATTENTION, THE AFFLICTED WORLD.—MERCHANTS, DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS and all dealers in Patent Medicines, and the public generally, are apprised that I have appointed Dr. A. O. BRADLEY, Wholesale and Retail Agent for the sale of GRAY'S GENUINE OINTMENT and House Medicines, and who will supply them at my lowest wholesale price. W. F. GRAY, Nashville, Dec. 18th, 1857. Sole Proprietor. Nov. 5th, 1858. 10-15459-3r

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The extraordinary efficacy of this unrivalled preparation in all cases of scrofula, erysipelas, cutaneous and eruptive disorders, and similar complaints, would appear almost incredible, were not such wonderful cures of daily occurrence, certified by persons of undoubted truth and respectability, establishing the incontestable fact that in this class of disorders as an alternative and renovating agent it is unequalled.

Eminent physicians have proved by many years experience that they can produce the happiest results by its administration, and therefore use it with confidence.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

Sold by Druggists generally. (Nov. 5th, 1858.—10-15459-3r)

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, the great curer of Consumption, was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed. He was eventually cured by a prescription furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl. This prescription, given him by a mere child, while in a state of trance, has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed once. It is equally as sure in cases of Piles as of Dyspepsia. The ingredients may be found in any drug store. I will send this valuable prescription to any person on the receipt of one stamp to pay postage. DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 21 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. Aug. 7, 1858. 254-30, 50-31

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.—SIR JAMES CLARKE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS. Prepared from a prescription of Sir J. Clarke, M. D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

This invaluable medicine is unfailing in the cure of all those painful and dangerous diseases to which the female constitution is subject. It moderates all excess and removes all obstructions, and a speedy cure may be relied on.

TO MARRIED LADIES.—It is peculiarly suited to the female system, and in a short time, brings on the monthly period with regularity.

Each bottle, price One Dollar, bears the Government Stamp of Great Britain, to prevent counterfeits.

These Pills should not be taken by females during the first three months of pregnancy, as they are sure to bring on Miscarriage, but at any other time they are safe.

In all cases of Nervous and Spinal Affections, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Fatigue on slight exertion, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, and Whites, these Pills will effect a cure which all other means have failed, and although a powerful remedy, do not contain iron, calomel, antimony, or anything hurtful to the constitution.

Full directions in the pamphlet around each package, which should be carefully preserved.

Sole Agent for the United States and Canada, (Late J. C. Baldwin & Co.,) J. C. BALDWIN & CO., No. 100 and 60 post office stamps enclosed to any authorized Agent, will insure a bottle, containing 50 Pills, by return mail.

HAVERLAND, STEVENSON & CO., Charleston, Wholesale Agents. 161-229-1y

THIS OIL ACTS ON THE SYSTEM WITH ELECTRICITY.—Is of pure vegetable preparation, not the slightest danger of applying it outwardly or inwardly, it at once gives a permanent cure, in most cases, from ten to twenty minutes.

The best physiologists of Europe have discovered that all Organic Derangement in the Animal System is the effect of an obstruction of the Physico-Chemical Fluid in the organs, and a skillful application of this Oil puts in immediate motion the nerve fluid, and the cure is at once accomplished. No bleeding, no vomiting, purging, or blistering, is required.

None genuine without the signature of Prof. CHAS. DE GRATH.

Principle Depot, No. 39 South Eighth Street, three doors below Chestnut, Philadelphia. Country Dealers and Druggists can be supplied. Wholesale and Retail. Price 25 cents, 50 cents per bottle.

Try every thing else, then give this simple trial. No genuine "ELECTRIC OIL," sold by Peddlers in the U. S.

For sale in Wilmington, N. C., by Drake & McLin and W. H. Lippitt, Druggists, and by Druggists and Merchants generally. Nov. 4.—51410-1w

ALL THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED WITH ANY Chronic disease considered incurable, will receive a LETTER giving information which will ensure a speedy and permanent cure by sending their names and one stamp (to prepay postage) to Dr. E. B. FORT, the celebrated Chronic Physician, and author of "Medical Common Sense," Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Sept. 13, 1858.—43410-1w)

MARRIED.—In this town, on the 28th inst., by Rev. J. L. Fritchard, Mr. JARED COLLON, and ELIZA M. LINCOLN, both residents of Middletown Connecticut.

In Warsaw, Duplin County, N. C., on Sunday evening Oct. 24th, inst., by Frederick Esq. Mr. JOHN E. SWINSON, and Miss ELIZABETH L. MITCHELL, daughter of J. W. Matthis, all of Duplin County.

On the evening of the 2d inst., by Rev. Dr. Deems, Mr. JOHN A. CORBETT, to Miss CALEDONIA E. daughter of Bryant Newkirk, Esq., all of New Haven County.

DIED.—At his residence, in Duplin county, on the 12th ult., Mr. ELISHA HERRING, in the 84th year of his age. The deceased was a valuable citizen, and an affectionate husband and father. He leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to lament his loss.

"Why weep you then for one who having won, The crown of life, has appointed you to be his heir? Life's blessings all enjoyed he leaves behind him, Sincerely to his final rest has passed; While the calm memory of his virtues yet, Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is set." J. S. D.

On Moore's Creek, in this county, on the 22d ult., at the residence of her father, Miss ELIZABETH WHITE, aged 27 years.

The deceased leaves an aged father and several brothers and sisters to mourn their irreparable loss.

Her last moments were like the last rays of the setting sun, peaceful and glorious. How strange is life and how precious; but thanks be to God, a better and perpetual life lies beyond the grave to which we are all wending our flight.

Thus we should ever be admonished, "That the cradle and the grave are in juxtaposition, that when we begin to live, we also begin to die."

All the ends of the earth shall remember and return unto the Lord, and all the kindred of the nations shall worship before him." A. C. W.

In Bladen county, on the 5th October, of Epileptic Pits, ROBERT SHADLOCK, son of J. A. and M. M. Wooten, aged 17 years, 7 months and 15 days.